Department of Music
University of Alberta

# In Recital

## MILTON LISKA, tenor

and

## ROGER ADMIRAL, pianist

**Wednesday, February 6, 1991 at 5 pm**

Tel jour, telle nuit (1936-37) — Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
(Text by Paul Eluard)

1. Bonne journée
2. Une ruine coquille vide
3. Le front comme un drapeau perdu
4. Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
5. A toutes brides
6. Une herbe pauvre
7. Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
8. Figure de force brûlante et farouche
9. Nous avons fait la nuit

Short Break: (5 minutes)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840) — Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
(Text by Heine)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nich
8. Und wüssten's die Blumen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen Klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am Leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

## TRANSLATIONS

### Tel jour, telle nuit - Such A Day Such A Night

Translation by Winifred Radford.

1. Bonne journée - Good Day

A good day I have again seen whom I do not forget
whom I shall never forget
and women fleeting by whose eyes
formed for me a hedge of honour
they wrapped themselves in their smiles

A good day I have seen my friends carefree
the men were light in weight
one who passed by
his shadow changed into a mouse
fled into the gutter

I have seen the great wide sky
the beautiful eyes of those deprived of everything
distant shore where no one lands

A good day which began mournfully
dark under the green trees
but which suddenly drenched with dawn
invaded my heart unawares.

2. Une roulotte couverte en tuiles - A ruin an empty shell

A ruin an empty shell
weeps into its apron
the children who play around it
make less sound than flies

the ruin goes groping
to seek its cows in the meadow
I have seen the day I see that
without shame

It is midnight like an arrow
in a heart within reach
of the sprightly nocturnal glimmerings
which gainsay sleep.

3. Le front comme un drapeau perdu - The brow like a lost flag

The brow like a lost flag
I drag you when I am alone
through the cold streets
the dark rooms
crying in misery

I do not want to let them go
your clear and complex hands
born in the enclosed mirror of my own

all the rest is perfect
all the rest is even more useless
than life

3. Le front comme un drapeau perdu - The brow like a lost flag (continued)

hollow the earth beneath your shadow

a sheet of water reaching the breasts
wherein to drown oneself
like a stone.

4. Une roulotte couverte en tuiles - A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles
the horse dead a child master
thinking his brow blue with hatred
of two breasts beating down upon him
like two fists

this melodrama tears away from us
the sanity of the heart.

5. A toutes brides - Riding full tilt

Riding full tilt you whose phantom
prances at night on a violin
come to reign in the woods

the lashings of the tempest
seek their path by way of you
your are not of those
whose desires one imagines

come drink a kiss here
surrender to the fire which drives you to despair

6. Une herbe pauvre - Scanty grass

Scanty grass
wild
appeared in the snow
it was health
my mouth marvelled
at the savour of pure air it had
it was withered.

7. Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer - I long only to love you

I long only to love you
a storm fills the valley
a fish the river
I have formed you to the pattern of my solitude
the whole world to hide in
days and nights to understand one another
to see nothing more in your eyes
but what I think of you

and of a world in your likeness
and of days and nights order by your eyelids

Translations (continued)

8. Figure de force brûlante et farouche - Image of fiery wild forcefulness

Image of fiery wild forcefulness
black hair wherein the gold flows towards the south
on corrup nights
engulfeld gold tainted star
in a bed never shared
to the veins of the temples
as to the tips of the breasts
life denies itself
no one can blind the eyes
drink their brilliance or their tears
the blood above them triumphs for itself alone
intractable unbounded
useless
this health builds a prison.

9. Nous avons fait la nuit - We have made night

We have made night* I hold your hand I watch over you
I sustain you with all my strength
deep furrows where the goodness of your body will germinate
I repeat to myself your secret voice your public voice
I laugh still at the haughty woman
whom you treat like a beggar
at the fools whom you respect the
  simple folk in whom you immerse yourself
and in my head which gently begins
  to harmonize with yours with the night
I marvel at the stranger that you become
a stranger resembling you resembling all that I love
which is ever new.

*We have turned out the light.

## Dichterliebe - A Poet's Love

Texts by Heine, from the "Book Songs"; composed 1840; dedicated to Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient. Translation of text by Stanley Appelbaum.

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai - In the magically beautiful month of May

In the magically beautiful month of May, when all the buds were bursting, love sprouted in my heart. In the magically beautiful month of May, when all the birds were singing, I confessed to her my longing and desire.

2. Aus meinen Thränen spriessen - From my tears many blossoming flowers shoot

From my tears many blossoming flowers shoot, and my sighs become a chorus of nightingales. And if you love me, my child, I will make you a present of all the flowers, and outside your window will be heard the song of the nightingale.

3. Die Rose, die Lilie - The rose, the lily

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun--I once loved them all in loving rapture. I don't love them any more; I love only the little girl, the fine girl, the pure girl, the one girl. She herself, the rapture of all love, is rose and lily and dove and sun; I love only the little girl, the fine girl, the pure girl, the one girl, the one girl!

4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' - When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes, all my sorrow and pain disappear; but when I kiss your lips, I regain my health totally. When I lean upon your breast, I get a feeling of heavenly pleasure; but when you say "I love you," I have to weep bitterly.

5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen - I want to plunge my soul

I want to plunge my soul into the chalice of the lily; the lily shall emit sound, breathing forth a song about my dearest one. The song shall shiver and tremble like the kiss of her lips that she once gave me in a magically sweet hour!

6. Im Rhein, im heligen Strome - In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river, is reflected in the waves, with its great cathedral, the great, holy Cologne. In the cathedral there is a portraint, painted on gilded leather; it has shed friendly beams upon the wilderness of my life. Flowers and angels hover around the blessed Virgin; her eyes, her lips, her cheeks are exactly like those of my sweetheart.

7. Ich grolle nich - I bear no resentment

I bear no resentment, even if my heart breaks. Sweetheart eternally lost to me, sweetheart eternally lost to me, I bear no resentment, I bear no resentment, I bear no resentment. Even though you gleam with the splendor of your diamonds, no gleam falls into the night of your heart; that I have long known. I bear no resentment, even if my heart breaks. Yes, I saw you in a dream, and saw the night inside your heart, and saw the serpent that gnaws at your heart; I say, my dearest, how very miserable you are. I bear no resentment, I bear no resentment.

8. Und wüssten's die Blumen - And if the little flowers knew

And if the little flowers knew how sorely wounded my heart is, they would weep with me to heal my pain. And if the nightingales knew how sad and sick I am, they would gaily pour forth refreshing song. And if the golden stars knew of my sorrow, they would come down from their high place an speak consolingly to me. But all of these cannot possibly know; only one woman knows my pain for she herself has torn apart, torn apart my heart.

9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen - What a sound of flutes and fiddles

What a sound of flutes and fiddles! Trumpets join in with their blare, trumpets join in with their blare. I suppose my dear sweetheart, my dear sweetheart is dancing there at her wedding. What a clanging and droning, what a clanging and droning, what a sound of drums and pipes! In the midst of it all the dear angels are sobbing and moaning, in the midst of it all they are sobbing and moaning.

10. Hör' ich das Liedchen Klingen - When I hear the song that my dearest once sang

When I hear the song that my dearest once sang, my heart feels as if it will burst from the pressure of the fierce pain. A gloomy longing urges me out and up to the wooded mountainside; there my excessive grief is dissolved in tears.

11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen - A young man loves a girl

A young man loves a girl, and she has chosen another man. That other man loves another woman and has married her. Out of vexation the girl takes the next man who happens to come here way. The young man is in a sad state. It's an old story but is always new; if you find it happening to you, your heart breaks.

12. Am Leuchtenden Sommermorgen - On a radiant summer morning

On a radiant summer morning I walk around in my garden. The flowers are whispering and talking, but I go about in silence. The flowers are whispering and talking, and looking at me with sympathy: "Don't be angry with our sister, you sorrowful, pale man!"

13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet - I wept as I was dreaming

I wept as I was dreaming; I dreamt you were in your grave. I awoke and the tears were still trickling from my cheeks. I wept as I was dreaming; I dreamt you abandoned me. I awoke and I continued to weep bitterly for some time. I wept as I was dreaming; I dreamt that you still cared for me. I awoke and tears are still pouring forth like a river.

14. Allnächtlich im Traume - Every night in my dreams

Every night in my dreams I see you, and see you warmly, warmly greet me, and, bursting into loud weeping, I throw myself at your sweet feet. You look at me with melancholy and you shake, you shake your dear blonde head; from your eyes pearly teardrops come stealing. You say something to me secretly and you give me the bouquet, the bouquet of cypress. I wake up, and the bouquet is gone, and I have forgotten what you told me.

15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es - Old folk tales beckon to me

Old folk tales beckon to me with a dainty white hand; I hear singing and music telling of a magic land where colorful flowers bloom in the golden light of evening, spreading sweet fragrance, their bride-light faces gleaming. And green trees sing age-old melodies; the breezes resound mysteriously and birds add their loud voices. And misty shapes arise from the earth and join in airy round dances, forming a magical chorus. And blue sparks burn on every leaf and twig, and red lights run in a giddy, confused circle, and colorful fountains burst forth from deserted blocks of marble, and the reflection beams forth strangely in the brooks. Ah! Ah! Ah, if I could go there and gladden my heart there, and be released from all sorrow, and be free and blissful! Ah, that land of rapture, I often see it in my dreams, but when the morning sun comes, it dissolves like an empty dream, it dissolves like an empty dream.

16. Die alten, bösen Lieder - The old, spiteful songs

The old, spiteful songs, the spiteful and mean dreams, let's bury them now; fetch a big coffin. Into it I will place many, many things, but I won't say what. The coffin must be even bigger that the huge wine cask at Heidelberg. And fetch a bier, and strong, thick boards; it also must be longer than the bridge at Mainz. And fetch me twelve giants, who must be stronger than Saint Christopher in the cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine; they are to to carry away the coffin and drop it into the sea; for such a big coffin calls for a big grave. Do you know why the coffin is to be so big and heavy? I also dropped my love and my sorrow into it!